

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### KNOWING OUR BLESSINGS.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider."—ISAIAH I. 8.

THIS was a sharp rebuke of their wickedness, to tell them that an ox or a donkey would know better. God had done so much for His chosen people, and they might expect so much from Him, that their disobedience was very foolish. An ox knows where he has been fed, and will go there when hungry. But these wicked people, instead of trusting God for good, go away from Him in their own wicked ways. Wrong-doing is always foolish. Our Father in heaven has given us nearly every good thing we have, and from Him we must expect every good thing. And still there are those who do not come to Him and trust Him. I have known boys and girls who have always received good things at home, growing up amidst fathers' and mothers' warmest love, who seemed to think that some one else loved them better. They find associates at school or on the street whom they seem to think more of than they do of their own father and mother. I have even known boys to run away from home with the foolish thought that in some way the world would do better by them than their own home. I have known foolish girls to go to some one else besides their own mother for advice. Even the beast knows his master's crib, where he has been fed. But many men have not learned that they may expect more and better things from their Father in heaven than in any service of sin.

The Bible gives us this illustration about the ox knowing where to find his food, and I read the other day about a similar instinct noticed even in plants. A tree which is fond of water will send off its principal roots towards a stream or pond if there be one near. A strawberry plant, growing in sand or poor soil, will turn its runners in the direction of good soil, if it be within reach; but if too far off it will not make the attempt.

A child ought to have as much sense as a tree, or a strawberry plant, or an ox. These all know where to get what they need, and they turn their faces thither. The child ought to love father and mother, for no one can or will do for them as they. To turn away from them to a barren, harsh world, hoping to find something better than one's own home, is as foolish as it is wicked. Even the ox knows where he has been fed. The child ought to love his Father in heaven, who has given us everything we love. To think that any other service can or will give us such good as His service is even more foolish than to run away from a good home. Even the hungry beast knows his owner, and the barn where he has been often fed.

### OUR MILLY.

SHE isn't cross, she is "finking." She has studied, and studied, and she can't "fink" of her verse. It is a hard verse for little Milly to remember. Yet she always has her lessons, and is distressed about it. Seest

thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings." That is the verse, all full of S's, and try as she will, Milly's tongue trips. At last papa explained the meaning of each word, and Milly's face brightened; she believed she could remember it.

Sabbath came, and Milly went to church; the teacher was passing down the aisle; very soon she would be at Milly's seat. The older sister waited in anxiety to see how her little darling would fare, and grow redder-cheeked than ever as Milly, half turning away her face to hide her embarrassment, hurriedly said, "If you see a man tending to his work, he shall stand wiv kings."

It was a great relief when Milly was pronounced by the teacher to have a very good lesson. She had not only recited it, but explained it.

### LITTLE TODDLER.

Only beginning the journey,  
Many a mile to go;  
Little feet, how they patter,  
Wand'ring to and fro;  
Trying again so bravely,  
Laughing in baby glee,  
Hiding its face in mother's lap,  
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest of language  
Ever before was heard;  
But mother, you hardly think so,  
Understands every word,  
Tottering now and falling,  
Eyes are going to cry;  
Kisses and plenty of love words;  
Willing again to try.

Father of all, oh! guide them,  
The pattering little feet,  
While they are treading the up-hill road,  
Braving the dust and heat;  
And then, when they grow weary,  
Keep them in pathways blest,  
And when their journey is ended,  
Saviour, oh! give them rest.

### "IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE."

"MOTHER, every night when I go to bed I say, 'Now I lay me;' and do you know, mamma, though saying it so often, I never thought what it meant before Fanny Gray died? I asked nurse if Fanny died before she waked, and she said, 'Yes; she went to bed well, and had a spasm in the night, and died before she knew anything at all.' Now, mother," continued Rena, "I want you to tell me about 'Now I lay me,' so that when I say it I may think what it means."

"Well, Rena," said her mother, "I shall be glad to tell you. What does it mean when you say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

"Oh, that means, mother, that I am just going to lie down in my bed, to go to sleep till morning."

"Well, then, as you lie down to sleep, what prayer do you offer to God?"

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep. I want the Lord to take care of my soul while I am asleep, and take care of me all over, mother. But, mother, if I should die before I wake, would the Lord be taking care of me then? Now, it seems to me when Fanny died, that God did not take care of her that night, and so she died."

"Oh, no, Rena! God did take care of her. The little verse says, 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to

take;' so you see God took Fanny's soul to Himself, and when she awoke she was in the arms of the blessed Jesus. Now, Rena, when you say 'Now I lay me,' I want you to think in this way. 'Now I am going to bed and to sleep, and I want the Lord to take care of me. If I am not a good child, and do not pray to God, ought I ask Him or expect Him to take care of me? Let me lie down feeling that I am in the Lord's care, and if I should die before I wake, that still I am the Lord's child; and I pray that He may take my soul to dwell with Him.'"

"Oh, mother! I will try and remember. Why, I used to say it slow and clasp my hands, and shut my eyes, and yet I did not think about it. Thank you, mother dear. Please hear me to-night when I go to say my prayers."

Ah, little children, are there not a great many who, like Rena, say their prayers without thinking what they mean—mere words, with no meaning in them? God cannot listen to such prayers. They are not for Him "unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid."

Think of what I have written about little Rena when you say "Now I lay me," to-night; and pray that God will watch over you, waking and sleeping.

### SAY "GOOD MORNING."

DON'T forget to say "Good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully, and with a smile; it will do you good, and will do your friends good.

There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning," heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is so also of all kind, heartsome greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly.

### THE GOOD NEWS.

A NEW ZEALAND girl was taken to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavoured to dissuade her. They said, "Why go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people—everybody will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said; "do you think that I could keep the 'Good News' to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they may get it too? I would go if I had to swim there!"

"Bow down thine ear and hear the words of the wise, and apply thine heart unto My knowledge."—Prov. xxii. 17.